

BOZART

THE BI-MONTHLY POETRY REVIEW

EDITED BY ERNEST HARTSOCK



MAY-JUNE, 1928

BOX 67, STATION E, ATLANTA, GA.

THE GOLDEN AGE

DISCERNING critics realize that contemporary American poetry is in the throes of its reaction to blind romanticism; out of the illusion of delicate lyricism a more vigorous poetry is being textured, a poetry of satire and pith. There is a disillusioned Younger Generation trying to view impartially such catastrophes as the late World War, a generation unwilling to be duped again by beautiful but inane mouthings of platitudinous idealism. Much of our contemporary poetry is cynical—perhaps justly so. Much of it is satirical, with a tinge of honest irony. It is thus a true reflection of an age.

There are among us fierce prophets of decadence, uncompromising realists who show us our own stagnation and annihilation; chief among these is Robinson Jeffers. Others like the vitriolic Clement Wood tear vigorously at convention with an almost personal desperation. "The Rebel Poets" an enterprising group of young spirits, combine to fight Imperialism and the tyranny of capital; in this movement Ralph and Lucia Trent Cheyney represent the militant and crusading rebels, while Benjamin Musser is the biting disciple of enthusiastic disillusion. More foresighted in many ways than the other members of the Rebels, Merrill Root, terrestrially fascinated with the Gothic, looks beyond even satire to the creation of a new God; he represents one of the few positive voices yet to arise in the battle against Main Streets and Babbitts, tyranny and intolerance, greed and creed. Root looks forward, in a pre-romantic mood, to a new Golden Age of fresh gusto in the vital functions and experiences of life. . . . This is the solution which our novelists likewise indicate. Other aspects of the social movement are seen in the race-conscious work of Countee Cullen, in the epigrammatic verses of A. M. Sullivan and Louis Ginsberg, and in the sad lyrics of Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Our contemporary satirists might learn a few things, though, in their art—and they doubtless will. They would very likely be benefited by a new study of Alexander Pope, that unappreciated genius whom Chesterton has called "the last great poet of civilization"; for Pope is the master of compression and urbanity. Even more excellent a teacher would be Chaucer, the clever and tolerably amused; perhaps we need not deplore the lack of Rabelais—yet even such broad, gusty humor might aid us against the seriousness of our adolescent disillusion.

Representing the newer school in this issue are Carl B. Adams, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Walter R. Adams, of Texas; and John Funk, our versatile staff artist, who is a militant poet. Authors new to our pages include: Sophie Tunnell of Edwardville, Ill.; Frances Dickenson Pinder of New York City, and Carl John Bostelmann, a well-known New Jersey poet. Several Atlanta poets are represented, among them being Max Aubrey Goodley and Marion Otis. Katherine Shepard, of Opp, Ala., Ruth Evelyn Henderson of Washington, D. C., and Dorothy Garrison of Hiland, Wyoming, are likewise newcomers.

(Continued on Page 20)

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"The Bi-Monthly Poetry Review"

Edited by ERNEST HARTSOCK

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*Elegy**

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE

We are like mice,
All peeping through a crack,
And what we see
Is merely God's blue back.

—JASPER BARNETT COWDIN.

An illustration from *Elegy* by Roy Robert

YOUNG AMERICA

We are the vestals of the quenchless flame;
The ploughmen of the fields of destiny;
The masons of tomorrow's temples, we,
Enshrining kindlier gods of godlier frame.
Teuton, Slav, Celt, and Semite, we proclaim
A truce to the insensate war of race.
That we may breathe more deeply we unlace
The stays of custom without fear or shame.
We will examine life with skeptic gaze,
Like grave physicians who will brook no lie;
We will be quick to blame and slow to praise;
Nor will we heed the bigot's jackal cry;
We will be blasphemous that truth may raise
Her head, and cruel that justice may not die!
—CARL B. ADAMS.

FLIGHT OF EARTH

Earth like a small brown sparrow flies
Forever and ever across the skies
Seeking the eaves of Paradise.

And around and above her brave wings' pace
Those fiery hawks, the stars, give chase—
The flame-winged jaguars of space.

Forever she flies before their pack
Into the void where Night looms black,
Hunted across the zodiac.

Yet on she flies, to build her brave
Nest upon Heaven's architrave!
—E. MERRILL ROOT.

JOURNEY'S END

I have lived so long among the oaks
Been friend with maple, larch and beech
Until the murmuring of each leaf
But seems some dear familiar speech:
I have welcomed each new bud that came
And watched some burn to flower of flame.
At last six feet beneath the loam
It will not seem some far strange land
For each root like some neighbor's hand
Will gladly bid me welcome home.
—SOPHIE TUNNELL.

A POET, TO AN OBDURATE LADY

Horace, Ode X, Book III, To Lycè

Because you are accustomed to the coldness
Of your own stream, the Don, and of your old
And frigid husband, is it fair, now, Lycè,
To leave me on your doorstep in the cold?

Jove! how the wind cuts! Do you hear it roaring
About your mansion, whistling through your
grove,

Congeling all the snow drifts—not more icy
Than is your heart to all my pleas of love!

Come, now! This pride of yours will not please
Venus,

Who may avenge your cruelty to me . . .
Beware, beware, lest while the wheel is turning,
The rope escape and fly back suddenly!

Surely no Tuscan father ever bred you
To be a proud Penelope, a prude
To suitors! Will no prayers—or presents—move
you

To be more lenient, Lycè, and less rude?

Does not my cold blue pallor touch your pity?
Are all my shivering entreaties vain?

Then, hark!—A singing girl has snared your
husband!

Does that not make you jealous, cause you pain?

Admit me, then! Perhaps I can console you . . .

No? Then your heart is harder than the oak
And you as sweet and gentle as a serpent—

Think you I'll stay out here to freeze or soak?

Not I! no longer will I stay here wailing—
With rheumatism I'm already ailing!

—ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY.

WILL-O-THE-WISP

Will-o-the-Wisp
Is just a neighbor of ours—
A somnambulist
Walking with a lantern
Looking for himself

—ISRAEL NEWMAN.

ADMONITION

Sit where you are, old huntsman. Do not rise
To take the trail whatever horns may call.

Sit where you are. The stag may leap and fall;
The hounds may tune the wind with thrilling cries
Of close pursuit, but now, if you are wise,
You will not leave your chair. No lure at all
Should rouse your mount from out his bedded
stall

To give the chase, whatever were the prize!

No stirrup-cup, old huntsman! Do you think
You should be shouting with the eager dogs?
Here, take this toddy, dream the toast, and drink,
Then contemplate the hearthstone's lazy logs.
Forget the vision which the horn inspired!
The stag is fresh but Pegasus is tired.

—CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN.

MATRIMONY

What did I do on my holiday?

(Such a silly thing to ask!)

Well, I washed the car and I hung the screens,
And I took my son to task.

And I planted seeds in long, neat rows,
And I oiled the old gate's plaint,
And at twilight slept on the young green grass
Like a worn and weary saint.

—MARIE WILLIAMS VANDERGRIFT.

PIANO SOLO

Ivory ripples,
fluid, curved to motions
from pebbles slung by flying fingers.
fingers fashion ivory beads
as smooth and round as notions.
fingers climb an ivory ladder,
up, up, and topple,
plunge breathless
swift and headlong,
clamber up and hobble.
fingers stare, philosophize,
gossip of particular,
sob,
sigh,
and become
suddenly vehicular.

—ROBERT BOOKER HUNT.

BEYOND THE SUNSET

After the lonely years, we met once more
In some dim land where glimmering phantoms
throng.

There, in the twilight, she had wandered long,
Though I had freshly gained that clouded shore.
I saw those luminous eyes I knew of yore,
Lips that had soothed me, rapturous with song,
In pale forgotten Mays when love grew strong,
In leaf-strewn autumns lost beyond restore!

Softly I called to her; she turned away—
Had I a heart, it would have burst with beating!
"Oh, come," I pleaded, "come, my dear one, pray!
This is our long awaited golden meeting!"
She knew me not, and with no word of greeting
Glided into the shadows blank and gray.

—STANTON A. COBLENTZ.

FOOLS

When I am gone the world shall pace along
No better nor no worse for my brief stay
It shall be richer as my limbs decay
But poorer for the absence of my song.
Not that I've plucked a feather from the wing
Of any muse, or caught the music blown
From siren shores, yet so few of us sing
And there be multitudes who weep and moan.
The world can better spare a thousand Jacques
Who seek in vain for truth with sullen eyes
Reviling life and quarreling with its aches,
Than one like Touchstone who is none so wise
As when he most is fool. Oh, matchless pair!
Each is an ass—but Touchstone, doesn't care.

—HARRY BRISTOL WILLIAMS.

A LADY LOVED THE TREES

W. Z. D.

She wept to see her woodland folk cut down
And mangled into sheets for printer's ink;
She thought it wrong—the trees' white souls
dyed pink

To carry scandal headlines through the town.

Her dryad feet took root some years ago.

In this biography of her, I think
She weeps to know I waste her new life so.

—MAX AUBREY GOODLEY.

STIRRUP CUP

I whisper to my heart words of courage
And it hears and arises and fares on again—
Not like a soldier striding to battle,
But like a pilgrim old and weary.
I say to my heart very softly and tenderly:
"Truly the shrine that we sought is a sepulchre,
But holy, perhaps, as we have been told.
It is ignoble that we, you and I,
Should sit in the dust of the roadside and weep.
We have seen stars and sunsets,
We have heard birds and thunder;
Many have been the travellers,
We have had noble companions.
Perhaps again (but the end is soon)
We will see, and hear, and hold lofty converse.
But even alone, in darkness and silence,
Remember we haughtily draw
The ice-silver of pride from far sources:
We come not of weaklings and weepers.
And there is no weakness to conquer
Till strength is taken away.
We are strengthless, unweaponed, but we will
go on."

—WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY.

ASPIRATION

I chose the shortest pathyway through the woods
To climb the mountain where the dawn is born,
And did not hear the laughter of the morn
Nor glimpse the glory of green solitudes.

Too eager for the ending of the way
To heed the magic when the world awoke—
The scarlet berries and the forest folk
Could charm the heart of me some other day.

I did not know I should not come again . . .
I had forgotten time would bring the snow
To hide the pathways I would wish to go;
And that red berries scatter in the rain.

I sometimes linger at my window sill,
And smile a little at that futile climb.
I doubt that it was worth the loss of time
To reach the summit of so small a hill.

—FRANCES BOAL MEHLEK.

PERIPATETIC

If you are going it is time for you to go.
There will be roses for you and an orchestra
That you may not feel lonely when you are alone.
We are not going for gypsies are on the road,
And opera does not appeal to us. The gypsies are
walking

On the road in straw sandals
And their feet are better looking than feet in satin
slippers,

Satin slippers walking over the orchestra.
When we go we will walk on the grass.
There will be flutes and cymbals and violins
When you have gone where you are going,
And your ears will fill with the gamut of voices,
Of basses grasping sharps when you are there.
We would not listen where you are going
For there are pigeons eating on the pavement,
And there will be birds in the trees over the road
When we are going to see the gypsies walking in
straw sandals,

Walking with songs and tambourines,
While you are going where you are.

—WARREN TAYLOR.

WHY?

Here we are held, like gaunt steers in a pen,
Goaded and lashed by piercing, brutal whips;
Blood-painted, grimy, lank, demented men,
Shocked quickly old by War's terrific lips.
Here must we strive, beneath a maddening curse,
Where pricking coils and grave-like terrors gape;
Where death is white, a motherly cool nurse,
And life is dark, a crone in tattered crepe.

We, who might be laughing in far towns,
Or wandering old lanes, inhaling musk,
Or toiling joyously where lithe wheat browns,
Or building love forts in the tranquil dusk.
Here must we bleed, convinced of War's huge lie,
Consumed by this red awful madness . . . why?

—WALTER R. ADAMS.

TO -----

Truth is too bare a bone for me to gnaw;
Beauty and pain are never far apart.
Gone is the path my waning faith once saw,
Or I would ask that God give me your heart.

—KATHERINE SHEPARD.

ENDOWMENT

I have endowed in perpetuity
A chantry in an ancient chapelled wood,
Whose walls will stand through all the years to be,
As through all years that have been they have
stood.

Always a beadsman fingering the thread
Whereon his well-remembered prayers are strung.
Always a priest, for mass is hourly said.
Always a choir, for requiems are sung.

But not for me: my stark, unshriven soul,
Unfathomably damned, boundlessly blessed,
Craves no pale, paradisiac aureole,
Craves not the dismal boon of utter rest.

It does not fear the hell that it has known.
It dreads no purgatory's drear delay.
It knows a purgatory of its own,
Impervious to prayers that priests relay.

I have endowed a chantry in a wood
Where holy beadsmen never cease to tell
Their Aves for the everlasting good
Of souls that blessed and damned my soul so well.

This be my sure revenge and recompense
For prayers that dissipated with my breath:
The prayers I have begotten ages hence,
Will penetrate the last frontiers of death.

—ROBERT C. FRANCIS.

A MOOD

I am an actor on a painted stage.
I speak the prescribed words,
Or roar them to a canvas drop;—
The ninety-ninth performance, Sirs,—
I pose and rant. Only sometimes
I cast off the hated robes, look into
A child's wide truthful eyes;
As in a little brook appraisive,
Find worship there,—or disapproval.
Then I cry and never stop,
Like a week of rainy weather.

—MARION OTIS.

SUNNY FRANCE

I don't like artists
Especially the ones
Who paint pink apple blossoms
On china dishes
And think that Harrison Fisher
Is the greatest American painter

Last Sunday I had dinner
With some of the genre
And they babbled on
About doing the living-room over
In delft blue and grey
And didn't I think
That a Wallace Nutting print
Would look pretty
Over the mantle
And I said
"Yes"

Although I really think
That Nutting is silly as hell
And all the time
I wanted to scream out loud
And tell them things I'd seen
I wanted to tell them
About the war
And how it feels
To go over the top

. . . Delft Blue . . . and Grey . . .
. . . And Wallace Nutting . . .

I wanted to tell them
About the glory
Of sleeping in the ditches

And going without grub
For days and days
And then the lady asked me
To have more tea
And didn't I think
There must be
Just lots and lots of violets
Along the country roads

But my mind was red
With the thoughts of France

And the beautiful women of France
With their wooden shoes
And their old faces
And their withered breasts
Which must disgust their husbands
When they lie in bed with them
And I thought about
Those other women
The Magdalenes of France
Who paint their lips with carmine
And look longingly
At the O. D. uniforms
But thinking mostly
About the fifteen francs
They will get for the loan
Of their firm young bodies

. . . And the lady asked me
If I didn't love
Mary Pickford . . .

And I couldn't help but think
Of the drive in the forest
And how it felt
To gouge out a man's guts
With a bayonet
And watch the intestines and entrails
Spill out out over his grey-green tunic
And the blood turn dark red
Like dried calf's liver
And I wondered how it would be
To rip her open with my
Steak knife
And spill her out on the
Nice white table cloth

. And Wallace Nutting . . .
.

And I was thinking
Of the long days and sleepless nights
When I had cursed everything
And wondered
Who the hell started the myth
About God and Jesus Christ
And if there was such a man or beast
Why didn't He stop that mess

Or was that His way of showing His love
For us . . .

And I thought about Belgium
And Northern France
And the women
Who had become mothers of German babies
And about some of the others
Who had not been mothers
And never could be

. . . And the lady asked me
If I thought blue would be prettier
Than old rose
For a new spring hat trimmed with poppies
And she smiled sweetly
When I told her
That I thought it would be much prettier
If she trimmed it with
The nipples of the women
Who had been murdered in Belgium
And Northern France

. Wallace Nutting and delft blue
And violets and old rose hats
. And crosses

—JOHN FUNK.

VINTAGE

Gathered is all that harvest of the heart
Whose April ways in youth sowed gladness here,
Flung sorrow there, and bore fruit for the year
Too fleet for pause to view one seedsman's art.
Time like a leper gathers to his lair
Finding new singers only, no new song;
While we who ransom Troy from love's brave
wrong
Turn minions in the mesh of Helen's hair.
There is a cove in Skyros where the sea
Broods by a poet's bier, there is a road
Through Camelot to everlasting quest.
Here when the heart of hostage is set free
The world turns back to dreams; here rapture
showed,
And here where life was largest these were best.

—HERBERT HARTMAN.



SEA WORDS

I who was born beside the sea
And watch its moods by night and day,
Know naught of its deep mystery
But the strange words I've heard it say.

Midday when the great yellow sun's
Daggers of flame cut like a knife,
Over the quivering water runs
A single word: life . . . life . . .

And when the great tongue of the sea
Licks the dark shore, a salty breath
Hisses one word most hungrily
Through its white teeth: death . . . death . . .

And I who live beside the sea
And know its strength, its slight caress,
Am hushed by the deep subtlety
Of agony and loveliness.

—JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

CRUELTY

She crouched outside my door at break of dawn,—
A half-starved cat so very gaunt and thin;
Her eyes were piteous and her strength was gone—
A snow-storm raged and so I took her in.

I fed her—kept her till the storm had ceased.
Then turned her out but she was loath to go;
I'm wondering now if pity and a feast
Were better friends than hunger and the snow.

—MARGARET E. BRUNER.

RESUME'

(Another review of Pepys)

Was born of woman in the usual way.
Grew up from child, with some good merriment
And share of tears, to manhood. Left the play
Of boys that looketh silly now and went
At length with other men about the life
Of man. Found one I deemed a handsome mate
And nearly worthy of me. Took her for wife.
Admired and swore at her. And drank. And ate.
Saw divers foolishnesses. Counted these
As gifts to be glad of. Took pains to go
Mid ladies and music. Observed brave cruelties
Of fame and fortune. Sided with neither. So—

Rose daily. Traveled forth. And then to bed
Again at night. Aged. Took ill. And dead.

—RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON.

MOUNTAIN MISTS

It doesn't matter half a tinker's damn
What I may think about the means whereby
I came into this world, or whether sky
Or moon, or star, or seashell, snail, or clam
Contributed a jot to what I am
Or what may be before I came to die,
Or after that event, or whether I
Feel my cheeks flushed with morning's orisflamme;
LIFE flames with grandeur, glory lifts the arc
Of dreams until it sears the highest cloud
That ever listened to an English lark;
Beauty yields wings to soothe the spirit proud,
Yet I, a ghost from sensual dawn, a spark,
Stand like an idiot gaping at a shroud.

—ROBERT CARY.

LAUGHTER

The encroaching sea rose slowly, leisurely as
doom—
Licking the shameful lintel, sure of that upper
room
Where only one of the lot—knew, and she did
not care,
Moved to a flittering laughter at the thrust at
the stair,
Secure of the moment when they should become
aware . . . !
And the fatuous crew laughed with her, butt of
them all,
With a toast to her quondam innocence—to her
fall—
As she leaned in her bawdy dress, alone, by the
wall,
Shaken by more than mirth begot of a harlot's
woe—
By the fear that moved in the wall of what was
below!
But that which lurked in her laughter—a mad
over-tone—
Suddenly struck them to silence . . . chill as a
stone,
And she, in an eerie triumph, was laughing alone—
A thin spent wavering laughter, the swagger of
shame
That flares in the face of death like a guttering
flame.

—FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER.

LAMENT FOR A HUSBAND

What sort of a wife is this
That comes slowly to meet your kiss
With one finger inside a book,
Her dress gaping without a hook.
She creeps at night from your great white bed,
Her eyes shining, her cheeks red
And you wake with a start and lie
Reaching for one no longer by.
Jump in the cold and call her name
And there she sits by candleflame,
Black hair curling about her face,
Wrapt, as if in a holy place.
Snatch up the book yourself and see—
Nothing but lines of poetry.

—DOROTHY COLLINS ALYEA.

THE SUICIDE

Who knows what that twisted corridors of pain.
Gloomy with dark desires unsatisfied,
This weary, puzzled soul had wandered in
And lost his way, unshriven, mystified?
Who knows what blank walls felt his groping
 hands,
What passages of loneliness he trod,
Ere, tired of his hopes extinguished brands,
He stumbled in the darkness back to God?
Judge we not him whose hours oppressed him so
That dusk and dawn were both as one to him,
Consign him not to pacing, worn and grim,
Upon the barren edge of time's dull stream:
For—unpursued by his fantastic dream—
Can we adjudge that which we could not know?

—NANCY TELFAIR.

FOOLISH COMPARISON

Yesterday I saw my servant girl
Push the sweepings under the parlor rug.
"What are you doing?" I asked her
"Cleaning up the room," she smiled.
I wonder why that incident reminded me of
Prohibition.

—ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI.

DUST

A valiant housewife all her life,
She dealt in unremitting strife
With dust and must and kindred ill,
Her purpose all pervading, till
The bane of mortals quenched her breath.
And even in stern fisted death
Her grim lips twisted and she groaned
When "Dust to dust!—" the parson droned.

—DOROTHY GARRISON.

BIOGRAPHIA

He little had for thanks or grace,
The world was as a distant place
In which he trudged with timid pace,
 As though a strange joy seeking.
Albeit he cursed on blithesome days,
Sullen storm nights whirled his praise
To One of enigmatic ways
 Who kept the roof from leaking.

—ISABELLE S. GILBERT.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ERNEST HARTSOCK

The Sea and April, by John R. Moreland (Jas. T. White & Co.)

With a nostalgia for the plaintive that is frequently the source of a genuine cameo of lyricism, Moreland has included in his second volume poems on three topics: The Sea, Death, and April. As readers of contemporary magazines know, his fragile, gentle stanzas are wrought with precision and delicacy; and they are occupied with pathos rather than passion, beauty rather than brilliance. . . . One of the fore-runners of the present movement in Southern poetry, Moreland has had a wide influence upon our younger lyric poets, few of whom in their obvious imitations approach his graceful, firm technique. Although he is a minor poet, his work is generally individual in effect; only in an occasional bit of blank verse, in an infrequent interlude of the over-pathetic such as "Her Garden," or in the sometimes sententious titles that he chooses, can he be justly accused. And most surely in "April" or "A Grave" he can be commended as one of the few who can achieve a genuine lyric, in our day of hyper-sophistication.

The Oracle Anthology (William A. Broder, Pub., Gloucester, Mass.)

Surely the name of anthologies is Legion—like the French Foreign Legion, only too often: a host of the brave but unknown. . . . Mr. Broder's collection is handsomely prepared and pleasantly edited. In it we recognize poems of interest by numerous contributors to BOZART, including Louis Ginsberg, Roselle Mercier Montgomery, Ralph Cheyney, Charles Divine, Sophie Tunnell, Ellen M. Carroll, and others. Don Gordon's "The Lost God" is one of the few altitudes in these interesting foothills of verse.

Sea-Drinking Cities, by Josephine Pinckney (Harper & Bros.)

This first collection is accurately Charleston, snaring in colorful, ripe phrases the mellow beauty of decadence. Whether the poem describes a Hag of the Werwolf type, in the manner of Uncle Remus; or a Japonica bush, the author enters the spirit of the occasion with sympathy and humor. Her portraits of negroes and worn-out landed gentry, are calmly and fluently executed; especially well is the imaginative insight of her poems adapted to descriptions of the lush tapestry of swamp and island, with its inevitable, indolent, rustic figures. The collection as a whole may be characterized as unusually penetrating native verse; without startling brilliance, yet definitely good.

Bright World, by George Elliston (Harold Vinal, Ltd.)

This enlarged second edition of Miss Elliston's lyrics is verse typical of the verbal setting to many contemporary songs; the poems are simple,

smooth, and often graceful, but seldom arresting. There are too numerous lines of facile utterance to balance the few stanzas of really felicitous diction.

Contemporary Kansas Poetry, Edited by Helen Rhoda Hoopes (*F. Watts*)

As state-wide collections of contemporary poetic effort are gaining steadily in popularity, it is gratifying to find that some are gaining likewise in judicious editorship. Inevitably there are some weak verses in this anthology; yet the general tone is firm and the standard, high. Among the best features are the poems of Miss Hoopes, the compiler; the sonnets of Margaret Perkins Briggs; the lyrics of May Williams Ward; and the sophisticated verses of Nelson Antrim Crawford.

Pretty Books (*Harold Vinal, Ltd.*)

The prolific Vinal Press again presents a group of minor poets for critical observation, in volumes attractively composed and executed. One of the most intelligent and sincere books of this group is *Sedge Fire*, by Ernest G. Moll, in which the poet has been singularly successful with the brief lyric and quatrain. In *Towns and Towers*, Mabel R. Coffey presents a rather ordinary group of descriptive poems containing an occasional imaginative flash and many trite rhymes. Murray Ketcham Kirk, who is the wife of a state senator from South Dakota, is entirely too sentimental in *The Beacon Light*, which is vapid patriotism vigorously applied; only once, in *The Freedman* does her enthusiasm ring true. *Verse Fancies*, by Jean Mitchell Lawrence, is an example of a good painter gone astray; though her lines are colorful and gracile at times, they are immature and derivative, in the main. The title of *Without a Fig Leaf* is Alice McGuigan's only poetic accomplishment in the saccharine assortment of mediocre verses under that heading. In a lengthy and rambling narrative poem called *Dramaland*, Lin William Price offers a story which had better been written without rhyme and called by the less euphemistic but more descriptive name of *prose*; the lines of this Hollywood romance are irregular and crude.

From Overseas, an anthology (*Fowler Wright, Ltd., London*)

A large and conglomerate accumulation of poems by poets from Somewhere East of Suez to the Sidewalks of New York, is the new anthology of the Empire Poetry League of Great Britain; it contains a number of thoroughly excellent poems and an almost equal number of vapid rhymes. The pinnacles of the book are reached in some noteworthy selections by Gustav Davidson, Merrill Root, and John R. Moreland; there are good poems by others familiar to our pages, including Louise C. Ray, Ellen M. Carroll, Ralph Cheyney, Harold Vinal, Edith Tatum, J. B. Cowdin, Jay G. Sigmund, Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni, etc.

The Best Poems of 1927, edited by L. A. G. Strong (*Dodd, Mead & Co.*)

With that pleasant audacity which allows man to consider his critical self "little lower than the angels," the insistent anthologist is with us again; it has been a fruitful year for the discriminating Mr. Strong, although Joseph Auslander is absent in the very excellent company of Merrill Root, Walter de la Mare, Mary Brent Whiteside, and Lucia Trent,

from the garnering. Among the many fine things in the book are Julia Johnson Davis' *John*; two selections of unusual merit by Humbert Wolfe; Louis Untermeyer's *Burning Bush*; and a typical Hart Crane poem. Edith Sitwell, as a part of the notorious trinity, is represented with some amazingly obvious jingles; John Anderson Stewart offers an exceedingly vapid rhyme; and Ed. J. Irvine seems given space out of proportion to his accomplishments. With these few exceptions, however, the collection for 1927 is one of merit.

Burnt Clay, by P. Brooks Houston (Dean & Co.)

The patchwork biography of Kent Drake, the brickmaking dreamer, is in the main a sentimental narrative in disjointed verse, with but little of that pathos for which Mr. Houston so assiduously strives. One feels that the scene and situation have genuine possibilities, which are ingloriously fumbled. The book, like the poem, is assembled of sturdy materials, but in a most haphazard and unattractive fashion.

"*Contemporary Poets*" Again (Dorrance)

Marion Pelton Guild, for many years a contributor to the magazines, has presented in *Phillips Brooks: a Portrait*, a lengthy collection of dignified, Mid-Victorian verses, generally religious in tone, but without especial distinction of phrase or word. *Ocatilla Blossoms*, by D. Maitland Bushby, the "Desert Poet," is a collection of feculent newspaper verses, done in the impressionistic fashion, with an occasional lucidity of simile. If Alice Dows had selected more carefully, her *Idle Hours* might have been better filled; she is prolific and often tedious, yet talented.

HEARTH-RUG*

The thread returns; it has come round again,
The pattern with its roses is repeated;
Time's shuttle flies . . . the border is of pain,
Yet how familiar and how dearly greeted.
I sit within the loom and feel the swing
And rhythm along the beam and on the tread;
Recurrently there is a snatch to sing,
Solo against the chorus of the dead.

Against the hum of things, the scene returns,
Blurred on the woof, but emerald-crimson sharp
Where the vein throbs and where the artery burns
And lamp or sun accentuate the warp.
The thread repeats, the squares in sequence blend,
The pattern nears its slow-accomplished end.

—ISABEL FISKE CONANT.

* A hitherto unpublished sonnet from PATTERNS FOR PAN, now ready.

GEORGIA BOOK PRIZE

The editor is pleased to announce a Georgia Book Prize, as follows: For the best poem in the July-August issue of *BOZART*, by a bona fide resident of the State of Georgia, one copy of each of the following books will be awarded, on the decision of our Editorial Board: *Many Wings*, by Isabel Fiske Conant; *Romance and Stardust*, by Ernest Hartsock; *Lifted Torches* (English edition) Evelyn M. Watson; *Elegy*, by Roy Robert; *The Wandering Eros*, "A Lover's Almanack"; and *Patterns for Pan*, "A Sonnet Anthology." Total value \$10.00. The winner will be announced in the same issue wherein the poems appear.

BOZART LYRIC CONTEST

Ernest Hartsock, THE BOZART PRESS, offers a prize of \$25 for the best rhymed lyric of not less than eight nor more than twelve lines, which is published in *BOZART, the Bi-monthly Poetry Review*, during the year 1928. Only poems published will be eligible for this award, which will be announced in the January number of the magazine, on January 1st, 1929.

BOZART SONNET PRIZE

The Bozart Press, publishers, offer a prize of \$25 for the best sonnet, Petrarchan or Shakesperean, which is published in *BOZART*, Volume one, September- October, 1927, through July-August, 1928. This contest to be decided by the editorial board of *BOZART*, award to be announced in the first issue of Volume 2. A second prize of books will be awarded, composed of the following titles: *Many Wings*, by Isabel Fiske Conant; *Narcissus and Iscariot*, by Ernest Hartsock; *Patterns for Pan*, "A Sonnet Anthology" (two copies); and one copy of *The Wandering Eros*, "A Lover's Almanack."

THE GOLDEN AGE

(Continued from Inside Front Cover)

Margaret E. Bruner lives in Newcastle, Ind. Dorothy Collins Alyea is from Montclair, N. J., and Dorothy Belle Flanagan is from Missouri. Robert Cary of St. Paul, Minn., and Isabelle S. Gilbert of Brooklyn, N. Y., are well known younger poets. Israel Newman, founder of "The Harp," lives in Denver; Harry Bristol Williams joins our ranks from St. Louis. Individual new voices are those of Warren Taylor of the University of Tennessee, and Robert C. Francis of S. Amherst, Massachusetts.

EPITAPH FOR A HARD-BOILED VIRGIN

She once was virtuous as any statue
And erudite (though sometimes tight) and
haughty;
Now in a purple Hell she will high-hat you
And pray God-Cabell *please* to make her
naughty.

—ERNEST HARTSOCK.